

Three years

by Zsy's World

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### Three years

In the three years that Naruto and Hinata have been together he learned manyâ€œinterestingâ€œthings about his girlfriend. Things that ranged from cute to slightly concerning; from sweet to heartbreaking. She liked to cuddle him while they slept. She loved candy, chocolate especially. She could be slightly stingy with them, too; when she tried to tell a lieâ€œa rare occurrenceâ€œher voice, if possible, got even softer. She loved being fed breakfast in bed, though she'd blush every time. Perhaps the most amazing, shocking thing Naruto discovered about his girlfriendâ€œHinataâ€œcursed. Not often. Mainly duringâ€œAhemâ€œAhemâ€œsex. But she had lost her temper and let a "damn" or "shit" fly from those pretty lips more than once. Needless to say Naruto had been flabbergasted, utterly shocked the first time he'd heard it. \_("Damn it, Naruto! How many times do I have to tell you not to eat my chocolates without asking?!")\_ after which she'd apologized numerous times.

Hinata, unbeknownst to other, had a temper that could put Sakura and Tsunade to shame. The only saving grace; Naruto was often not the target of her anger. Oh, no, that honorâ€œmisfortuneâ€œbelonged solely to Hanabi. The two were sisters, after all, and while Hinata loved and cherished her baby sister, the thirteen-year-old had exclusive knowledge of how to push Hinata's buttons in a way only family can. Of course, Hinata never yelled at Hanabi, and that branded her, in Naruto's mind, as the most patient person in the world. Also on Hinata's shit listâ€œTenTen and Temari. They were best friends, to be sure, but like family, friends have a way of pushing you to the very limit. Hinata's defense though she really doesn't need one, she's Hinata) they do tend to bring it on themselves. Note to self: when Hinata says she doesn't want to talk about itâ€œShe.

Doesn't. Want. To. Talk. Even Neji once found himself on the wrong end of a serious tongue lashing from Hinata that somehow managed to leave Sakura quivering in the corner of the latter's living room.

Naruto had also discovered, by sheer accident, that Hinata was a somewhat psychic. She was always one step ahead; she knew where he was, what he was doing entirely too much. And Naruto being Naruto, found it frustrating beyond all reason. \_("Do you know how hard it is to prank your girlfriend when she knows what you're up to every second of the day?!")\_ of course he also found it to be a bit of a godsend. Hinata, knowing him so well, often remembered to pack his lunch, knowing he'd forgotten, place his forgotten homework assignments in his backpack unfortunately, her kind deeds lead to him and stupidity did not even cover this statement stating that she was like "the best secretary ever!" which lead to Hinata, for probably the first time in their relationship, yelling at Naruto. Of course they'd made-up right away. Hinata's Hinata; she can't hold a grudge.

Hinata liked horror movies the more gore, the better. One year into their relationship Naruto had found a stash of DVDs hidden in the closet. Upon watching them, he found that they were brand new copies of every horror movie released in the prior four years.

\_"\_\_I think she may have a serious problem\_"

She loved wearing Naruto's clothes.

She was surprisingly stubborn usually about the borrowing of said clothes. ("Ley her wear your jacket once and you never see it again.") Naruto had, in three years, gone shopping for more clothes than he had at any other time in his life, because Hinata refused to return the borrowed items.

("I like wearing your clothes; it's like having you with me all the time.")

Sweet.

Cute.

Innocent.

And Naruto had no hope of being angry at her if his life depended on it.

There were also more uniquely surprising parts of Hinata's personally Naruto had discovered. She hated the word "panties" and the phrase "making love" made her cringe. Hinata, along with Naruto's clothes, like to wear Naruto's underwear (after they'd been thoroughly washed). She wore them so much that the cashiers at the clothing store began to wonder why one man needed so many pairs of underwear. Finally, he'd decided to buy her a few pairs of her own. Hinata loved sex. There really was no way to sugarcoat it. She also had amazing stamina. The shy wallflower he'd fallen for had surprised him in the bedroom more than once. But with all of Hinata's wonderfully imaginative ideas, she was unbelievably shy about how much she actually enjoyed the act of sex and how loud she could be. Naruto found it quite amusing hilarious even that she could be so

easily flustered about something she'd obviously enjoyed. But the blush on her cheeks was enough to him to carry her right back to bed. There were times he'd believed she was doing it on purpose.

Little vixenâ€|

Sexy, sexy little vixen.

She had a lot of interesting kinks as well. Hair pulling turned her into jelly; one squeeze of her beats and she literally fell into Naruto's lap, flushed and barely coherent. When Naruto allowed his hand to trail down to her back sideâ€|well, Hinata could not be held responsible for the events that occurred afterward. With a whispered word in her ear Hinata was putty in Naruto's hands. Andâ€"the biggest turn onâ€"she loved being bitten. She'd never admit it, but Hinata had what could only be described as a fetish for Naruto's teeth digging into her flesh. One bite as she'd lose all control, screaming to high heaven as she reached the height of pleasure only Naruto could bring her to. And afterward she'd blushed so profusely that Naruto thought she'd actually explode. The following day was spent in silent hysterics as he teased her mercilessly, leading to Hinata's temper flaring, resulting in Naruto's \_second\_ tongue lashing curtesy of his girlfriend.

Hinata did not like her body; self-consciousness was the one thing she struggled with that Naruto, despite his boosting her confidence, could not assist her with. He'd assured her multiple times that he loved her and her body to a degree that he thought unhealthy. But she still had her moments of doubt.

\_("Is that why you like wearing my clothes, because they're big enough to hide everything you think is wrong with you?")\_

She loved waking up with Naruto's arms wrapped so tightly around her waist that she'd have to literally slither out of his grasp. Though she'd often take her time doing so. Even if she'd pretend not to love it, she'd only fall asleep without Naruto's arms around her. She was terrified of the dark. So much so that she slept with a nightlight. She'd been mortified when Naruto discovered it. But Naruto only chuckled, called her adorable, and invited her back to bed for a night of well-deserved cuddling.

Hinata did not like make-up. Mostly because her sensitive skin would often flare up with the slightest touch of the stuff.

She liked watching Narutoâ€|at random times during the day he'd caught her outright staring at him. When their eyes met she'd blush, look away and avoid him for the rest of the day. Until the day he'd caught her around the waist as she tried to leave, and stared back at her with an intense love that she nearly cried.

They'd been together for two years before Naruto discovered Hinata had been cutting herself. It had all happened so fastâ€"too fastâ€"and Naruto saw in that instant a woman so emotionally scarred that she'd somehow blamed herself for the actions taken by a man driven solely by selfishness and alcohol. It had been a battle of wills to get her to release the knife, but Naruto had managed to force the thing from Hinata's hand. the scars had healed beautifully, but they had given Hinata yet another thing to feel ashamed of. With assurances from her loved ones that she'd done nothing wrong, in time

Hinata had learned to accept her past, and look forward to a future that seemed as bright as ever. Every day she marked off her calendar was a small victory: four-hundred and nineteen days cut free. Naruto had thrown a party in her honor on the year anniversary of her cut sobriety. That was the day he'd told her he loved her for the first time.

She'd returned the sentiment after she'd stopped crying.

Naruto loved the way she'd loved to watch people utterly destroyed and mutilated on the movie screen, yet she'd cry like a baby at romance and tragedy in a movie. "The Fault in Our Stars" was off limits, no exceptions.

She did not enjoy being short.

Especially when Naruto felt cheeky and placed her beloved candy on the top shelf of the cabinet, out of her grasp. She'd tiptoe and hop up and down, climb on chairs, yet they remained out of her reach. Eventually she'd be reduced to asking for help, which Naruto all too willingly offered. And he would tease her, and she, in her rare moments of irritation and frustration, would bop him square in the forehead, hard enough to get her point across yet not hard enough to actually hurt him. Afterward she'd run off to enjoy her sweets (Naruto would not be permitted to partake in their goodness). Other times she'd thank heaven she was so small; usually when Naruto carried her around the house. She loved to be cradled in his arms. And Naruto laughed as she tried to and failed to hide her absolute pleasure at being hoisted off the ground and into an embrace that always seemed waiting.

Though she'd been forced to grow up way too early Hinata was very much still a child in many ways. She had a habit (she'd deny it 'til her last dying breath) of whining. She was in no way spoiled, but when something did not go her way: missing her favorite television program, running out of her favorite ice-cream, stubbing her toes, she often pouted about said setback for a good while afterward. Naruto thought it funny. The woman can handle intense training, falling down the stairs multiple times (she was surprisingly clumsy,) yet a stubbed toe caused her to nearly burst into tears. Oh, but he'd cuddle her and eventually she'd quiet down and head off to prepare dinner. She watched cartoons every morning before school, and afterward if nothing was planned for the afternoon. So enthralled by the colorful creatures dancing on the TV screen was she that for their third anniversary Naruto had gifted to her a DVD set of the first three seasons of her top three favorite shows: Blue's Clues. SpongeBob and Go, Diego, Go.

She'd absolutely loved the gift.

Hinata was well, weird. There, he said it; Hinata Hyuga was a beautiful, adorable, sexy weirdo. She loved ketchup; she often ate it on brownies. If her coffee wasn't a certain way, she'd throw the whole cup out and start over. Her dishes had to be spotless one spec of dirt, grim or any other substance on a fork and Hinata would scrub the whole of her dish collection: fork, plate, cup, until they shined. She could not stand to have the doors opened, yet she felt boxed in if the bedroom door was closed. She had a severe insecurity and shame of her scars but she'd wear shorts and tank tops at the slightest spike in heat. The woman did not get cold. She did not get

sick. She hated doing her hair yet refused to cut it. In her oddly endearing clumsiness she'd drop things often, and apologize to said object as if she'd hurt the thing. And she'd read with the light of the light made the words harder to see, she said. Naruto didn't question it. He did buy her a small reading light to use so she'd wouldn't strain her eyes too much.

She hated talking on the phone.

She would pretend to be asleep when Hanabi needed boy advice.

She liked coffee but hated making it herself.

She excelled at video games; she had defeated Naruto at every game he owned with little effort.

Talking about sex was surprisingly easy for her (just not when it involved her having sex).

She loved TenTen like a big sister, yet found the girl utterly frustrating beyond reason. Of all their friends, TenTen was the closest to Hinata, and that could be taken as good or bad. Like Hanabi, TenTen had ways of pushing Hinata's buttons unlike anyone else. Even Neji couldn't get under the woman's skin like TenTen. And being that TenTen had been pushing for NaruHina (the name chosen by Temari and Sakura) the frustration usually came from TenTen's teasing about Hinata and Naruto's romance. TenTen was nineteen, yet was not past her "Naruto and Hinata sitting in a tree" days. Even after three years, TenTen loved to tease them mercilessly. But she was happy for them. And Hinata was grateful for TenTen. After all, if not for TenTen NaruHina would not have happened.

But Naruto found all these things utterly adorable, if not questionable.

But she made him happy, and he her; they were polar opposites, night and day, yet so similar at the same time. Hinata had proven herself quite the prankster. Her victim was usually Naruto, or on occasion, TenTen. Her favorite job was definitely hiding TenTen's hair ties, causing TenTen to walk around Konoha with her hair down. The woman's hair was pretty long at least as long in not longer than Neji's.

She'd pranked Sakura once and never again.

The group had agreed never to speak of it but the memory still provided pleasant memories.

It involved hair dye and that is all that can be disclosed

So, yes, in the three years that Naruto and Hinata have been together he learned many "interesting" things about his girlfriend. She was far from the quiet, shy mousy wallflower she'd been at their first meeting; she was full of surprises. Many would term her insane. She was dating Naruto after all. But Naruto deemed her lovably frustrating; with all her imperfections and quirks, he loved her more than he thought possible. She had the power to scare him half to death with a single look. He annoyed her to a point she found nearly impossible. But it worked for them and their relationship. They were happy; anyone with eyes could see that. They were good for each

other; he pulled her out of her shell and she calmed his hyperactive energy to a level others found more tolerable. Many of the people of Konoha regarded Hinata as some sort of hero for the fact.

And Naruto told her all of this and more on their ninth anniversary while he sat balanced on one knee, a ring in one hand her hand in his free one. He hadn't taken her out to dinner, or planned any grand gesture; sure an intimate moment should be contained between the two of them. For that reason, Naruto had presented the ring to her over her surprise breakfast"eggs, bacon and orange juice: simple, easy, just how Hinata liked it.

Of course she'd accepted.

After she'd stopped crying.

End  
file.